

FORTNIGHTLY

Vol. I. No. 3.

FIRST FORTNIGHT  
IN SEPTEMBER, 1895

Price 10 Cents

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 A YEAR

# M'LE New York.

There was a king of Thule,  
Immaculate,  
Who spent the daytime duly  
In affairs of state,  
By night though, long and truly  
And till quite late,  
He wept at the metempsychosis  
Of lilies, asphodels, and roses,  
And the ranunculus bulbosus.

But woman, lovely and mammiferous,  
He looked upon as quite pestiferous.

He was a curious king of Thule,  
But I may state  
That he was thought to be — and truly —  
Immaculate.



Vance Thompson, editor  
Thomas Fleming and  
T. E. Powers, artists

PUBLISHED BY THE  
M'LE NEW YORK PUB. CO.  
OFFICES  
100 NASSAU STREET AND  
250 WEST TWENTY-THIRD  
STREET, NEW YORK : : :

"I wear my hat as I please, indoors or out"; it is one of Walt Whitman's insolent phrases. There is here a great æsthetic principle; indeed, it is the only principle of æsthetics worth remembering. The artist who wears his hat indoors or out as he pleases is always in the right. There is no other formula worth tuppence. The artist who tries to please his audience or his critics is given up forthwith to the devil of commercialism, which lies in wait for such folk. The artist who works to please himself, and solely to please himself, may inadvertently achieve immortality. The other, who truckles to the present and kisses the toe of His Holiness the Zeitgeist, will never achieve anything more durable than a bank account. The high and distinguished work has always been accomplished by men who were ardent in egotism.

The man of genius is always insolent. He says, "I hate crowds, people, universal suffrage. I love only my art and myself—my health, my liver, my brain. I do not like other people's wit. My own wit amuses me; my own genius astonishes me."

The man of genius naturally falls into this attitude. It is native to him. His cult is the ego; love, suffering, sacrifice, aspiration, death, are to him merely material for poems, pictures, bric-a-brac. Tullia's death gives her father the fine excitement which makes for artistic creation. The artist is great in a degree commensurate with his egotism. When he realizes the unspeakable silliness of mankind and his own intellectual loneliness he is far on the road to immortality. Then his audience does not interest him and his critics do not disturb him. He tilts his hat at any angle he pleases; he wears it indoors or out.

It may be that his work remains futile, that he never finds artistic expression —  
Production is not everything.

To the barren artist, as to the barren woman, the pleasure is none the less because it does not end in creation.

And in these days, so shockingly democratic, the only gentlemanly pleasure left is intellectual vanity.

Be vain, oh my joyous brothers in art; be vain of your heads and hearts and livers; vain of your viscera, for you are not as other men are.

Autolatry—it is the artist's religion. The true artist must learn the lesson of humility and, like a little child, kneel down and worship himself. Thus he gains intellectual security. He has no concern with the anxieties of the day. He need not ask himself whether he will be an evolutionist, neo-Kantian or neo-Pagan, a Tolstoist or a mystic of the new Fiesole. The intellectual seditions of the day do not disturb him. Reverently and serenely he worships himself; he is both priest and altar; he is an autolatrist.

It is well!

## LEADER



There  
magnificen  
vulgar per  
seems an  
unknown  
seems equa  
Worst  
M. Ju  
cult of Sat  
recent spre  
all) a trifi  
grotesque  
devil is w  
in history  
like them  
a service  
litany of  
prince "on  
Here  
able city,  
the beniso  
And  
You

Ther  
good bree  
always i  
born. F  
chosen.  
with sim  
matter I  
comment  
of the  
c. 14; Ba  
Magn. e  
I would  
quaest. 6  
about to  
make us  
needles i

On  
lib. 2, ca  
Queen I  
though  
are not  
are old  
he will  
the face  
to his  
also giv  
ering th  
impossi  
dead f  
always  
tious d  
victim  
4, and

There is an old Latin proverb to the effect that to the vulgar the unknown is always magnificent. In these more flippant days the unknown is merely a matter for laughter. The vulgar person reasons that what is unknown must be ridiculous. To the Englishman America seems an absurd country. Mr. Ingersoll, who is intellectually vulgar, sees in an altar to the unknown God merely the ludicrous. The worship of the devil to many vulgarians and scientists seems equally a matter of mirth.

Worship the devil? It is absurd. But is it absurd?

M. Jules Bois, a distinguished French Jew, has written lately an admirable work on this strange cult of Satan worship. This book, "Satanisme et la Magie," has many facts in regard to the recent spread of this peculiar form of wickedness—wickedness at once uncanny and (in spite of all) a trifle absurd. Perhaps he gives no undue importance to this cult, for life itself is but a grotesque and diabolical drama, human and inhuman. I wish to get at this fact, that to-day the devil is worshipped as earnestly, with a faith as naive and a devotion as entire as at any time in history. And if Satan be indeed the son of the pale and sombre divinities of Hades, he has, like them, altars and rites. In Paris I attended a service of midnight praise to the devil. It was a service of greswome horror. In a darkness troubled with pale-green lights they chanted the litany of Satan; this terrible litany, which I dare not put in English for you; litany of the exiled prince "on whom God wrought such wrong."

Here in New York, among the flippancies and commercial gentilities of a malignantly respectable city, there are men who are abject in the same faith. They worship the devil. They claim the benisons he gave of yore—love, treasure, science, and immitigable power.

And does the devil hear them?

You shall see.

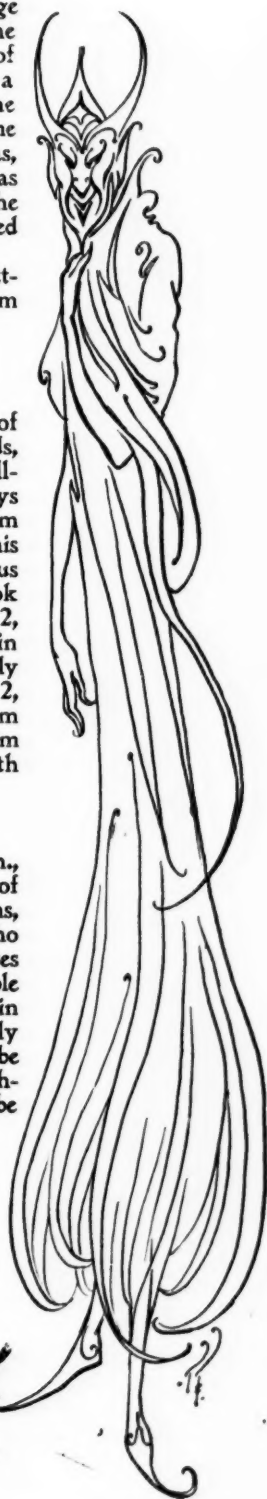
There came into my office the other day a tall, handsome, anxious man of thirty; a man of good breeding and high intelligence. The story he told me, I tell you; often in his own words, always in a spirit of honesty. He believes that the influence which has wrecked his life is hell-born. He has found that the methods used are those which the devil-worshippers have always chosen. These methods he describes in detail. I have been greatly interested in comparing them with similar experiences, of which history has kept record. Those who are interested in this matter I would refer to King James's excellent work on "Demonology"; Torrentius' curious comments on Hor., Epod., lib., ode 5; Delrio Disquis, Mag., lib. 2, quaest. 9; and Apuleius Book of the Golden Ass, passim; Remig. Daemonalatriae, lib. 1, cap. 14; Bodin., Daemonoman., l. 2, c. 14; Barthol. de Spina, quaest. de Strigib., Philippo Ludwigo Elich., quaest. 10; Paracelsus in Magn. et Occul. Philosophia and Giov. Bapti. Porta, lib. 2, Mag., Natur., cap. 16. And especially I would call your attention to the history of Zyti, a Bohemian, Mart., Delr., Disq., Mag., lib. 2, quaest. 6. It is virtually identical with the experience of the young man whose sufferings I am about to relate. The image of wax and wool, which the devil-worshippers who torment him make use of occasionally is no new thing. Ovid makes mention of it, and the mischief done with needles is recorded in Hysipyle's epistle to Jason:

Devovet absentes, simulacraque cerea fingit;  
Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus.

On this point, too, consult the story of King Duff in Hector Boetius and (Bodin., Daemon., lib. 2, cap. 8) the account by the French ambassador to England of certain pictures in wax of Queen Elizabeth found in a dunghill near Islington. These corroborations and authentications, though of extreme interest, can not be given in detail here. However, for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the modern practices of devil-worshippers, it should be said that the rites are old as the cult. The present victim of their malignity is not the first victim; it is not probable he will be the last. Their power to trouble nature can hardly be questioned in these days and in the face of the evidence of ages. However, I may refer you again to Remigius and particularly to his elegant arguments, serving as preface to his "Daemonalatria." Consideration should be also given to the media magica—bones, flesh, herbs, blood, vapours, etc.—and the rites for gathering them. In this way much valuable information might be brought out and it might not be impossible to reconcile the practice of antiquity to the neoteric. The gathering of pieces of dead flesh, Cornel., Agrip., de Occult., Philosoph., lib. 3, cap. 42, and lib. 4, cap. ult., has always been a simple method of summoning the devil. The preposterous noises, the licentious dances and disconcerting gestures with which the devil-worshippers trouble their modern victim are of equal antiquity. The manner of their dancing is confessed in Bodin., lib. 2, cap. 4, and in Remig., lib. 1, cap. 17 and 18.

Now the serpent was more subtle than any  
beast of the field which the Lord God had  
made. Gen. iii., 1.

## A VICTIM OF DEVIL- WORSHIPPERS





Little save the phraseology has changed. Indeed, the old rites, as the victim has discovered, are performed under new names. The old power calls itself "hypnotism" and "suggestion" and it is all diabolism.

\* \* \* \* \*

The victim is, as I have said, a man of high intelligence. He descends from a line of men if not illustrious ancestors. In his veins runs Puritan blood, heightened with the blood of the Covenanters. Nine years ago he was a person of extreme morality. He had wealth and position. Within a week he became an outcast, a rake, a social pariah, the victim of monstrous vices and impious desires. His moral character was filched from him. It need hardly be said that he fought against this, that he wrestled with Puritan fervour and determination against this evil influence. He fought desperately, with the courage of a doomed gentleman, with the strength of Saint Anthony. But they gathered round him; they whispered Paphian matters into his ears; they hung lubricious words on his lips; they stirred him with obscene and awful images. Here I quote from his written account:



August 6, 1893

My Dear Mr. Thompson: The ordinary human mind would refuse to admit the possibility of the horrors I have undergone at the hands of this band, whose God is Satan and whose instrument of torture is hypnotism. I am kept in a series of states, each one of which has its reigning horror. Sometimes I will be kept in a certain mental state for a week at times dominated by obscene suggestions—crowded with vile thoughts, vile images, vile temptations of every sort. Then almost without warning a new state will come in, probably one which will include pain-suggestion, as this has been intermittent since January. Before that for fifteen months it was continuous. The pain-suggestion is of great variety. My spine was "broiled" regularly for a time.

They live in this country; they pass as Spiritualists or Hypnotists; they are men probably not entirely sane and are worshippers and servants of the devil. In addition to pain they suggest odours or smells. They have spared me somewhat in this particular, but I believe that with this power they can drive any man instantaneously insane. My mind has really been a prisoner since November, 1893. At that time, they have confessed, thirteen of them formed a chain of influences round me. They took an oath to ruin me morally and physically; to degrade me to their own level of immorality, to make of me a monument of their satanic power. I am never without a sense of obsession. While they torment me with infamous suggestions, they keep me sane that I may be fully conscious of the torture. At first I was able to escape from them into sleep. I hid myself in the dark world of sleep. Then they devised a masterpiece for robbing me of my refuge. Whenever I would attempt to doze off there would come suddenly a feeling as though an immense screw were being twisted into my diaphragm. So sudden, so excruciating, that I was tortured into full consciousness at once. As I would lie awake in fearful expectation. I knew the circle was formed and that new horrors were being devised to subjugate my soul to the devil.

First sneering voices would cry at me, mocking my faith and my God! They told me of my powerlessness, chained by suggestion, a scorpion in a circle of hypnotic fire. They said it was for the joy they took in suffering that they stretched my soul on the rack of unclean delights. Then subtly, softly, they stifled me with music, unholy, green music of the profane and visionary music of silver flutes, music green, green—dear God! I gasped for breath. So subtle is green music. Through the green music as through a forest my soul went shrinking. Satyrs leered at me. I was blinded by the odour of black roses. Dear God! what monsters I have seen in the forests of green music! I have fled desperate, startled by obscene satyrs and deformed women; legless and armless women rolled themselves past me with incredible swiftness; girls stared at me with hungry eyes and cried to me, while I fled, stumbling, panting, through the forest of green, immoral music. \* \* \* In their endeavour to subjugate me they first robbed me of my money, then of my moral character. I am, as you know, a man of some literary ability. So I had little difficulty in making money when I needed it. Three years ago they stopped that. They suggested to me banality of thought and turgidity of style. My writings became unsalable or almost so. Curiously enough they have left me the ability to make exactly \$4.30 each week—enough to keep me from starvation and no more. It is a remarkable instance of diabolism to be brought to light in the modern days. They took me, deliberately ruined my character, made me a common sensualist and an outcast from society, and then proceeded to kill me by the slow torture of physical pain, with every possible insult, public disgrace, and mental torture superadded. They have me in complete control. Any other man would commit suicide. I live, a monument to suffering. I believe that in a man of your character and capacities (i. e., the editor of "The New York") my strongest hope of relief. I do not believe that as a literary man you can possibly ponder a more deeply interesting subject than the ruin of a human soul, the attempted murder of a human being (for there is very dangerous heart-suggestion by hypnotism—no! diabolism).

\* \* \* \* \*

So far the victim of this monstrous injustice may be permitted to speak for himself. The diabolical circle which holds him in fee—think of it, an immortal soul the devil's plaything—relaxes none of its malignant power. Prayers can not touch them; even God holds aloof. In the blackness of his awful doom—a blackness haunted with omnipotent deformities—this man fights desperately—hopelessly. Is it absurd? Or tragic?

And it behooves thoughtful men to ask themselves what is to be done. Who will be the next victim of this unholy society whose God is Satan? You may be the man. Surely the spirit of Cotton Mather is not wholly dead in this country. Every engine of the law should be put in operation to crush this black and diabolical conspiracy. It is not wholly impertinent to inquire whether Police Commissioner Roosevelt is aware of the existence of this dark and dangerous band of Satanists. Surely it is his business to know and surely it is his duty to destroy them and break up this impious pact. What is he going to do about it?



Then



THE BLASPHEMOUS AND AWFUL LITANIES SUNG BY  
THE DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS

*O exiled Prince, on whom God wrought such wrong,  
Who, conquered, still art impious and strong,  
O Satan, have mercy upon us !*

*Thou who dost know all, lord of all things below,  
Thou helper of mankind, leech of his woe,  
We beseech thee to hear us, O Satan !*

*Thou who by magic savest the poor old bones  
Of drunkards stumbling o'er the gutter-stones,  
O Satan, have mercy upon us !*

*Thou who on Death, thy leman old and true,  
Begottest Hope, that folly ever new,  
We beseech thee to hear us, O Satan !*

*Thine eye hath seen the veins, the rocky hold,  
Where the miser God hath hid his garnered gold.  
O Satan, have mercy upon us !*

*Thou who dost give a taste of Heaven above  
To thy poorest children—for thou givest them love,  
We beseech thee to hear us, O Satan !*

*Thou who dost put in the eyes and hearts of girls  
The lust of pleasure, joy of gold and pearls,  
O Satan, have mercy upon us !*

*Lamp of the scientist, the exile's staff,  
His priest, who greets the hangman with a laugh,  
We beseech thee to hear us, O Satan.*

*Adopted father of that race which He  
Chased from the Garden with contumely,  
O Satan, have mercy upon us !*

*Then do the devil-worshippers (blasphemers ! ) join in this prayer :*

*Glory and praise to thee, O Satan, both on the heights  
Of Heaven, where thou dost reign, and in the nights  
Of Hell, where thou dost dream in silent majesty.  
Grant that beneath the Tree of Knowledge, I—  
Even soul of my soul—some day near thee may lie,  
Where the great branches of the Tree are spread,  
A house not built with hands, above thy head.*



BAUDELAIRE

# L'AMI DE LA NATURE

J'crach' pas sur Paris, c'est rien chouett'!  
 Mais comm' j'ai une âme de poète,  
 Tous les dimanche's j'sors de ma boîte  
 Et j'men vais avec ma compagne  
 A la campagne.

Nous prenons un train de banlieue  
 Qui nous brouette à quèque lieu,  
 Dans le vrai pays du p'tit bleu,  
 Car on n'boit pas toujours d' champagne  
 A la campagne.

Ell' met sa robe de la Reine Blanch';  
 Moi, j'emport' ma pip' la plus blanch'  
 J'ai pas d'chemis', mais j'mets des manch',  
 Car il faut bien qu'l'élégance règne  
 A la campagne.

Nous arrivons, vrai, c'est très batt'!  
 Des écaill's d'huître's comme chez Baratt'  
 Et des cocott's qui vont à patt',  
 Car on est tout comme chez soi  
 A la camp — quoi!

Mais j'vois qu'ma machin' vous en . . . terre,  
 Fait's-moi signe et j'vous obtempère,  
 D'autant qu'j'demand' pas mieux qu'de m'taire . . .  
 Faut pas se gêner plus qu'au baigne,  
 A la campagne.

PAUL VERLAINE.

## "M'LE NEW YORK"

Dear Madam (sic):

I know you want the approbation of a struggling but appreciative child of the cult. I do so love that mixture of art and God, Melzer and Huneker, and someone who does not sign his name, but is continually in evidence as to what and how good he is. This last but most frequent ego, presumably the editor, is a true writer according to his God-given light. His insight as to humanity, God, love, French, poetry, philosophy, and all that sort of thing is truly beautiful. It has the air of being so true because it breathes the writer himself. It is just a revelation of the advantages a man possesses who only look into himself and find there all the above qualities. No one needs to agree with him, he is so sure of the truth, because he finds it all in himself and he believes in it.

I am sure we needed just such a publication as "M'le New York." At this age-end of the century pictorial and philosophical conundrums on matters of no moment are just what we want to pass the time away with. Life is so easy and time hangs so heavy on one's hands that to decipher the God-like artistic pictures and the high-grade emanations of Melzer, Huneker & Co., to say nothing of the frequent French is a true pleasure.

I have admired Melzer so much, particularly during the period he wrote dramatic criticisms for the "Herald." I am glad his shining pate has found a place on "M'le New York." And Huneker, too. His criticisms in the "Recorder" and "Musical Courier" have placed him on such a high plane. In the "M'le New York" I am sure the womanly and tender heart of "M'le New York" will find more obscure duffers to gather her maidenly breast, but really she ought to marry — say, Mr. Common-Sense.

Perhaps in time she would give birth to Reason, and Melzer, Huneker, and the editor would get some wholesome nourishment.

I fear "M'le New York" in her maiden estate is undertaking too much. Her foster children — weaklings and she spoils them by letting them say, without let or hindrance, what their little wills and untrained minds, brat-like, suggest.

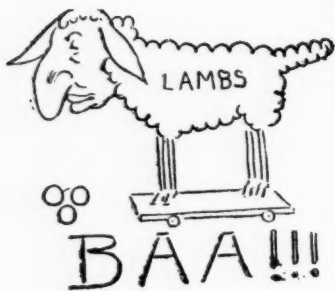
"M'le New York," I fear you will die young. Ladies of your calibre who undertake the kind of gätnership of Melzer, Huneker, the editor, and the French die of chagrin and disappointment.

Yours sincerely,

JAY ESEL.

The Lambs' Club, August 21, 1895.

It is not forbidden to eat kosher lamb, but this seems to be tref.



This little pantomime by Powers tells the story of Pierrot's love and jealousy and death. He slew the villain who had usurped his functions and fled. Justice pursued him and the law condemned him. Even lawyer Howe's pleading was vain. When Dr. O'Sullivan and the other physicians were done with him he went piecemeal to the moon. There he collected himself and took up the study of electricity before venturing again into this curious world.

# PANTOMIME





# TALITHA CUMI



Ego sum  
alpha  
et  
omega,  
vita,  
via,  
veritas,  
primus  
et  
novissimus.

The white monks chanted the "Dies Irae"; bells tolled in the belfry—"Mary save us!" said Joel, the servant, and made the sign of the cross. "Shall we dance to the music of the death-knell?"

For it was the day of the village fete. The town hall was draped with tapestry—the tapestry of Smyrna, which is a cascade of violets, lilies, and roses. Flags flamed in all the windows. At the village inn there were stir and tumult. Maids and tapsters bustled. The great carts of the brewer rolled up, laden with casks. The barman arranged the tables on the pavement in front of the door. In the middle of the village square the carpenters were erecting a stage; their songs rang over the noise of their hammers. Beyond was a merry round, with wooden horses, and, further on and everywhere, the flags swayed and bellied in the morning air. Only the house of Jairus was morose. The windows were shut and dark save where a small light shone through the curtains of Ephraïma's chamber, the wan and little light of wax tapers, the wan light that watches for the dead.

There came the noble lord Zacharius. He wore a cap with a yellow plume, a green doublet, bright with besants; one hand fretted his long moustaches, the other was on the hilt of his jewelled sword. He paused at the gates of the morose house and hailed Joel, the servant.

"Your master?" "My master, Lord Zacharius? He has gone to find Jesus."

"Jesus?" "Yes, my lord. This morning the end came. This morning she heard the swallows in the eaves and the carpenters in the square."

"Eight days ago she danced a minuet in my castle—and your master has gone to find Jesus?" "Yes, my lord."

"He is losing his time. How old was she?" "Sixteen years."

"She was very beautiful—so slight and sweet, graceful as a jonquil—ah, what a Magdalen she would have made for my mystery play!" "Yes, my lord."

"She had the hair of an archangel—all dead now. Ah, death is cruel! I shall write a poem in Latin." "Yes, my lord."

"This poor Jairus! Of what use is his wealth? Death has broken his ramparts of emerald and sapphire and stolen his most marvellous jewel. And he has gone to find Jesus?" "Yes, my lord. Pray God he succeed."

"Yes—ah, this poor Ephraïma—poor little one! But I must go now. The players are coming to play my mystery of 'Joseph Sold by His Brethren.' Oh, la! You must not miss it. See, they are erecting the stage yonder in the square. There will be an orchestra and two dromedaries which an Asiatic merchant has lent me—oh, la!—you will see the king of Egypt in a velvet coat, surrounded by all his guards, then Joseph and all his brethren, the story of the dreams, and M<sup>me</sup> Potiphar, who will recite the verses I have composed." "Yes, my lord."

"Oh, la! there they are."

The players came in carriages gay with banners; they bore wreaths of laurel on the heads. They shouted to each other and drank huge draughts of Rhenish wine. They wore grotesque costumes of red and green and saffron. Their cheeks were swollen with drink. Some of them beat noisily on drums, others rattled their spears. One carried a gilded sceptre and wore a zinc crown; his garments were of an antique fashion. The people crowded about the carriages, cheering and laughing, for it was a goodly show. A beguin nun appeared on the balcony of the morose house.

"The nun is tired of saying paternosters," said Joel, the servant, to himself. In other years it was Ephraïma who stood on the balcony to watch the show—ah, well, fifteen days of tears and then one is forgotten; earth swallows more than the bodies of the dead. Slowly Joel walked through the shining, jocund street. Baes stood at the tavern door polishing a pewter mug.

"You look hipped, Joel." "Ephraïma is dead."

"Ay, I saw the priests go in at dawn, and the wax tapers shone—call they that an illumination? Here is my tavern next to the house of death—ugh!—shall I say to my guests, 'Sit down, friends, drink merrily, there's a corpse next door?' A kill-joy, say



And, to my purple with

"I sa believe my

Joel, square.

the halt leprous w

dies!" C hump on eyes were

"It y misery.

came near with his done, my

The "They w slave, on Faith, th Faith, it

Thes raise the The "Ho "Sh

feta curta blue stuff at a wo and thro

But an anarchist derful co We will —we car

Far armorers guild of closer. the glory Hein? eyes out

The forty-per An these ca windows the deat The "Dies Ir

Th He hung a gilded b a green an aigr of soft hand to

"D An Jes burned It walls;



And, to make matters worse, Jairus can not drape his house this year with his gallant banner—purple with gold lions rampant. A kill-joy, say I.” “Jairus has gone to find Jesus.”

“I saw Jesus cure a paralytic one day. What magic! Upon my word, I could hardly believe my eyes. Here comes the crowd; I must tap another cask.”

Joel, the servant of Jairus, went on through the press until he came to the middle of the square. There was a wrangle. The beggars were quarrelling with the players; dear God! the halt and deformed, the crook-backs and tangle-legs, the blind with red eye-sockets, the leprous with gangrened chins. One strummed a guitar and cried, “Give the beggar wine or he dies!” One was in rags; his hair was full of vermin. There was a monstrous ulcered hump on his back. High overhead he raised his hands; his voice was like a clarinet; his eyes were the eyes of an angel flying from heaven to earth.

“It was yonder,” he cried, “by the tavern of the Black Bull. We lay in the dust, dogs of misery. Jesus came. I offered to tell his fortune. I have been blind many years, but as he came near me my eyelids became opaque, like silver, and when he touched the red eye-sockets with his fingers I saw. Dear God, I am drunk with joy! See what a thing this man has done, my brothers.”

The players mocked him and laughed, beating on their drums. “He is a magician.” “They will burn him, like the witch of St. Ives.” “No. He will be crucified.” “Like a slave, on the slaves’ gibbet.” “Bah! He is no more a god than you were blind, charlatan! Faith, there is not a lame man among you this cudgel can not make run like a rabbit. Faith, it would make yon dumb rascal cry like a peacock.”

These things the players said, mocking, but the beggar cried aloud, “Jesus will come and raise the daughter of Jairus from the dead.”

The players mocked him. He said, “He has healed the mother-in-law of Saint Peter.”

“Ho! Saint Peter’s mother-in-law!”

“She was ill of a fever at the farm. The poor woman! She lay in a bed with red taffeta curtains. Jesus did but touch her and she rose and put on her white cap and a petticoat of blue stuff and served the folk with fresh cheese and radishes and beer. I saw them; they sat at a wooden table and ate and drank. There was a yellow muslin curtain across the window and through it I saw them as in an atmosphere of gold.”

But the players were in high anger; they drove the beggars away and cursed them for anarchists and politicians, and cried: “Come to the mystery play! Come to the play! Wonderful costumes and beautiful women—oh, you shall see such women! Come to the play! We will present to the distinguished company the merry comedy of ‘The Seven Deadly Sins’—we can play a comedy without pretending to be sons of David. Come to the play!”

Far off one heard the noise of trumpets; the guilds came marching—the guild of the armorers, the guild of the saddle-makers, the guild of the silversmiths and goldsmiths, the guild of cobblers, the guild of the cloth-workers, and many other guilds. The crowd surged closer. A Jew came forward, snapping his fingers under the nose of the beggar who had told the glory of Christ, and said: “We’ll kill him, your Jesus! Hein? We will spit in his face! Hein? The hangman will flog him with whips! Hein? As for you, rogue, we’ll have the eyes out of your head.”

The people cried, “The Jew! The Jew! The Jew!” “The Jew! The Usurer! Hi, forty-per-cent!”

An artisan struck the Semite, who fled to the players, crying, “Save me, noble lords, from these cads!” Then stones began to fly and Baes, the landlord, shouted, “Have a care for my windows! Care for the glass! Care for the glass!” The beguin nun on the balcony fled into the death-chamber, making the sign of the cross, in her haste forgetting to close the window.

The bells tolled in the belfry, a carillon for the dead; the white monks chanted the “Dies Irae”—bells tolled in the belfry—

\* \* \* \* \*

The players and the beggars and the people wrangled; when Jesus came.

He was clad like the pilgrims; He wore a robe of grey stuff and bore a staff, from which hung a hollow gourd; a hat of brown felt hung at his shoulder; round his white face and gilded beard there shone a wonderful light, clear, but very soft. Jairus, in Oriental garments, a green turban upon his head, made a way for Jesus through the press. The rich jeweller bore an aigrette of diamonds in his silk turban; his sash was satin, brodered with gold; his boots of soft leather were scathed by the curved scimitar which hung at his side. Jesus raised his hand toward the wrangling mob:

“Do not make all this disturbance. The girl is not dead; she sleeps.”

And suddenly a great silence fell upon the village square.

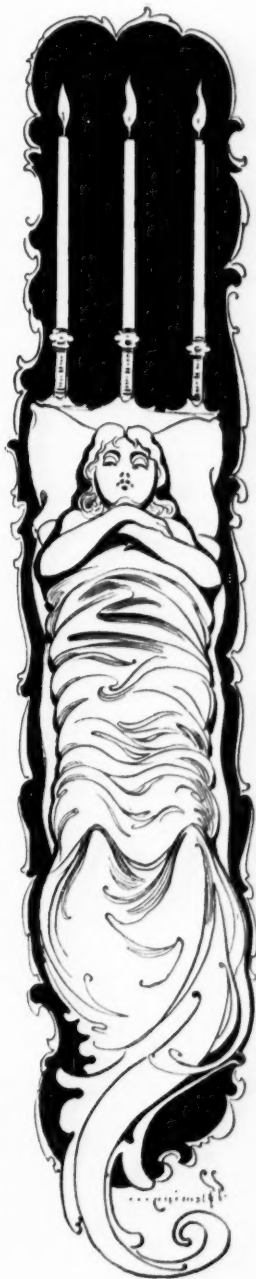
Jesus passed through the gates of the morose house, followed by Saint Peter. A sun-burned person, this saint, in a worn brown toga.

It was a mansion of much magnificence; pictures by distinguished painters were on the walls; at the head of the first pair of stairs was an antique clock, very valuable; they

*Heu! nequam gens Judaica!  
Quam dira frendens vesania!*

*Plebs execranda.*

*Quid justus hic promeruit  
Quod crucifigi debuit?  
O gens dampnanda!*



*In Christum Dei filium,  
Factorum mirabilium,  
Ritum linguens gentilium,  
Ego credam.*

mounted the stairs and came to the chamber of Ephraïma. Jairus was in despair; he wept and, kneeling, kissed the hand of Jesus. He said, "Jesus, you have made the leprous woman fresh as a rose; you made light, as in a lantern, shine in the eyes of the blind; you have made the cripples dance a rigadon for joy; son of David, lay your hand upon my little blonde girl and give her again to life, and I will give you the best I have — Venetian gowns, Mechlin lace, and my Utrecht velvets — take all." But Jesus entered the chamber, saying: "Man, be it unto you according to your faith. Keep your riches and divide among the poor. They will not serve you to enter heaven."

The players and beggars gathered about the doorway of the mansion of Jairus the jeweller, clamorous; from the square came the noise of the merry-go-rounds and the cries of the hawkers and mongers. And all these noises entered the open window of the chamber where Ephraïma lay. Her hair, still wet with the pale sweat of her death agony, covered the pillow like dull gold, framing her face — a wax face with shut eyes. Her little hands were joined. On the white silk which covered her little, limp body lay a crucifix set with diamonds. Already the slight hands were cold, the shut eyes sunken. On the table the wax tapers burned; near them, among the phials of medicine, lay a prayer-book with beaten silver clasps. The beguin nun sat with folded hands and eyes downcast.

Jesus approached the dead. He laid his hands upon the brow of Ephraïma. And it was as though dawn had come with singing birds; it was as though by a mystic gesture he had evoked young spring. It was thus Ephraïma awakened. The rose blood began to flow in her veins, staining the young face with life. Her little hands were raised toward Jesus as though they offered him a lily of prayer brought back from heaven. Life stirred under the young, round breasts. Then her eyes opened — radiant, strange, astonished. Dear God! Her eyes did open. Dear God — the eyes that had seen the mystery at which the dead, lying under the bronze flags in the cathedral, stare evermore.



## TRUE LOVE ALLAIS

There was once a young girl of extreme beauty who was in love with a pig. Madly. Not one of those pretty little pigs which furnish such exquisite hams. No. An old pig, seedy, his bristles gone; a pig for which the most improvident butcher would not have given tuppence. A ratty old pig. See? And she loved it.

It was really charming to see her, this young girl of extreme beauty, mixing the swill, the potatoes, the carrots, the bran, the crusts of bread. She rolled up her sleeves, for her arms were very beautiful. When she entered the barnyard, carrying the pail, the old pig came trotting on his old feet. He thrust his head into the swill up to his ears. The young girl of extreme beauty was very happy to see him so well pleased. When he had emptied the pail he went back to his sty without giving her a glance from his little, sticky eyes. Bah! the dirty pig.

Next day the same thing.

Always the same thing.

Now, the pig's birthday was coming. All week the young girl of extreme beauty racked her brains to think of a present to give the old pig. She could think of nothing. At last she said, simply, "I will give him flowers."

She went to the garden and plucked the sweetest flowers and put them in her apron — her silk apron, pale pink, with cunning little pockets — and carried them to the old pig. My God! how savage the old pig was; he growled and grunted.

What the deuce should he do with roses and lilies and geraniums?

The roses pricked him.

The lilies gave him the bile.

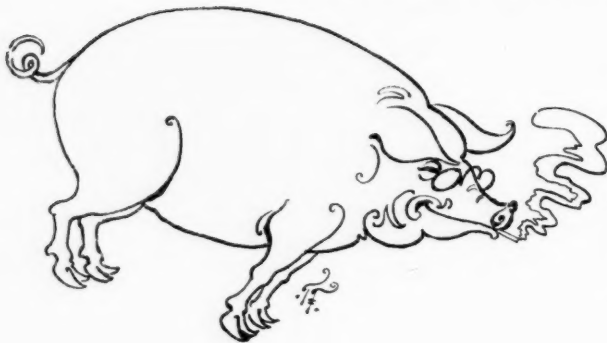
The geraniums made his head ache.

There was also clematis. The clematis — he bolted it all like a glutton.

Little as you may have studied the application of botany to the science of alimentation, you should know that if clematis is insalubrious for man, for pigs it is fatal. Now, the clematis which she gave her pig belonged precisely to this terrible species *Clematis Porcincida*.

The old pig died of it, after atrocious agony. He was buried in a field of cabbages.

The young girl of extreme beauty poignarded herself on his tomb.





### IN BROADWAY

*I walk in Broadway to and fro  
With the taciturn ghost of Edgar Poe.  
Girls idle for us when the lights  
Are red on the pavements there o' nights.  
Girls sidle with strenuous eyes for us,  
With gestures urgent and amorous;  
But we mock them, pacing to and fro—  
I and the ghost of Edgar Poe.*

*"Dear ghost," I say to him, "to and fro  
As you walked in Broadway long ago  
Did the small girls idle for you and cry?"  
"Ho! the black stars swung in a yellow sky  
One night, one night—and a woman came  
Out of a harem of wind-blown flame;  
But the lips that she laid on mine were snow—  
Bitter as ice," says the ghost of Poe.  
I make the sign of the cross.*

VANCE THOMPSON.

### THE YOGHI

*A perverse Yoghi sat upon a hummock  
And sneered at the grim fate  
That oxydized the lining of his stomach  
And not that of his pate.*



### PIERROT AND THE POET

*Pierrot passes the gallows where a dead  
And sun-dried poet dangles.  
"The sum of the angles of a triangle," he said,  
"Is equal to two right angles."*





# THE DREAM OF A DECADENT

JAMES  
GIBBONS  
HUNEKER



Feeling a bit satiated with older forms of music I tried to keep a cigarette alight with my temperament, but the temperament not responding as fiercely as I desired it, I yawned, turned my back on myself, and tried to kill time by playing the piano. Outside, the snow mocked at the earth for being so big, heavy, and brown, and the earth mocked back by daubing every flake with dirt the moment it fell. "No use," I said, "I can't endure Gotham to-day. I will press the button and let my astral soul do the rest." Then, suiting the action to the word, I pressed that symbol of eternity which is set forth in the holy "Rig-Veda" (or in any other sacred turnout), and was instantly transported to Paris to the Theatre d'Art, leaving my earthly body gazing at the combat of snow and sewer.

I was not long in getting to the City of Earthly Delights and, dispensing with the slight formality of buying a ticket, I ensconced myself in one of the loges, quite unseen by the large party already assembled there (for the astral body has no need of a tarn helm—it is visible or invisible at the will of its owner), and waited for the mysterious rites to begin. You are familiar with some of the phases of the new art movement in Paris, where a band of bold spirits aim at not only a synthesis of the known arts, but also seek to discover new subtle arts calling into play all the senses, and giving them as a complete whole a sort of an artistic bath, wherein the soul is submerged utterly and the senses deluged with intense delights. To such a performance I had hastened, for strange rumors had from time to time reached me in philistine New York of the doings of this cenacle. Its members' names were all unfamiliar to me. I knew that it would be impossible for me to gain admission to the Theatre d'Art on a first performance of the mystery, even the police were deprived of their press tickets, so I had hazarded the bold experiment of astral projection. I was safe in the theatre, and with beating pulses awaited the commencement of the mystery.

The theatre was plunged into an orange gloom, punctured with tiny balls of violet light which blinked daintily and intermittently. The dominant odour of the atmosphere was Florida water with a florid counterpoint that reminded me somehow of bacon and eggs. Understand me, I do not wish to jest. That was the melange which appealed to my nostrils, and though at first blush it seems hardly possible that the two dissimilar odours could ever be made to modulate and merge, yet I had not been indoors ten minutes before the subtlety of the duet was plain to me. Bacon has a delicious odour, and, like a freshly cut lemon, it causes a premonitory tickling in the palate, and little rills of hunger in one's stomach. "Aha!" I cried (astrally, of course), "This is a concatenation of the senses never dreamed of by Plato when he fashioned his republic."

Hush! The languid lisp of those assembled about me drifted into little sighs and then a low, long drawn out chord in B flat minor, for octoroons, octopuses, quadroons, shofars, tympani, and piccolo sounded; immediately a chorus of male soprani blended with this chord, but they sang the plain chord of A major, and the effect was one of vividity—it was a dissonance, but a pianissimo one, and it jarred on my ears in a way that made their drums warble. Then a low burbling sound ascended to me. "The bacon frying," I thought, but I was mistaken. It was caused by the hissing of a sheet of carmine smoke which slowly upraised on the stage; as it melted away the lights in the auditorium turned green and topaz, and an odour of jasmine and stewed tomatoes fell about me.

My immediate neighbors seemed to be swooning, for they were nearly prostrate, with their lips glued to a rod that encircled the house. I grasped it and received a most delicious thrill that was probably electrical in its origin, though it was velvety pleasure merely to touch it and the palms of my hands ached exquisitely afterward. As I touched this rod I noticed a little mouthpiece to it, and thinking I might hear something, applied my ear to it. It became wet instantly. That was evidently not the use to which it was to be put. After inspecting it again I put my finger to it and cautiously raised its moist end to my mouth. "Heavenly!" I murmured, "what a place!" and then, losing no further time in useless parleying with myself, placed my astral lips to the mouthpiece and took a long, strong pull.

Gorgeous was the result. Gumbo soup, as sure as I now write. Not your thin New York stuff, but the genuine old gumbo soup that one can't find outside of the State of Louisiana, where old negro "mammies" make it to perfection.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just as I got the gumbo nocturne in my throat a shrill burst of brazen clangor from the orchestra roused me to what was going on on the stage. The steam had cleared away and



showed a  
orchestra  
strange o  
senses in  
meaning  
full of gu  
I stuck br  
The stage  
every two  
shifted to  
to my ne  
the play,  
whatever  
looked ab  
screamed  
vertiginou

Real  
and wate  
hue and  
accordio  
actually  
then, by  
were tun  
whiskey  
astrally.  
three eye

"Al  
slaying  
have dea  
"Drago  
tage cou  
of a gal  
thirds p  
The orci  
the elect  
by this  
gravely  
making

An  
An  
He  
Th  
lights a  
Th  
setto an  
the sens

I p  
soup an  
Battery  
to bath  
hard sh  
the air  
the ven



showed a rocky and woody scene, the trees all sky blue and the rocks a Nile green. The orchestra was playing alone, something that sounded like the prelude to "Tristan." But strange odour harmonies disturbed my enjoyment of the music, for so subtly allied were the senses in this new temple of art that a single smell, taste, touch, vision, or sound jarred on the meaning of the whole. The almost weird interfusion of the senses took my breath away, but full of gumbo soup as I was (and you have no idea how soup discommodes one's astral stomach) I stuck bravely to my post, determined to get some clue to the meaning of the new dispensation. The stage still remained bare, though the rocks, trees, and shrubbery changed their hues about every twenty seconds. At last, as a blazing vermillion struck my tired eyeballs, and the odour shifted to that of decayed fish, cologne, and dried corn, I could stand it no longer, and, turning to my neighbor, I tapped him on the shoulder and politely said: "Can you tell me the name of the play, piece, morceau, symphony, stueck, odour, sonata, picture, drama, 'cooking,' comedy, or whatever you may call it, they are about to perform?" The young man I appealed to looked about into space—I had foolishly forgotten that I was invisible—clutched his throat, screamed aloud "Mon Dieu! still another form of aural pleasure," and was carried out full of vertiginous fits.



Realizing the folly of addressing humanity in my astral shape, I sat down in my corner and watched the stage. Still no traces of humanity; the scenery had faded into a dullish dun hue and the orchestra was playing a Bach fugue for oboe, lamp-post (transposed in E flat), and accordions in F. Suddenly the lights all went out and we were plunged into blackness that actually pinched, so drear, void, and black was it. A smell of garlic made everyone cough, and then, by a sweep of some current, we were saturated with the odour of white violets, the lights were tuned in three keys, violet, yellow of eggs, marron glace, and the soup supply shifted to whiskey sours. "How subtle these contrasts are," hiccupped my neighbor, and I acquiesced astrally. Then at last the stage became peopled with one person, a very tall old man with three eyes, high heels, and a deep voice. Brandishing his whiskers aloft, he muttered curiously:

And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Calloo, callay!  
He chortled in his joy.

"Alice in Wonderland" then was the mystery play and I had come too late to witness the slaying of the monster in its many-buttoned waistcoat. How gallantly the "beamish boy" must have dealt the death stroke to the queer brute as the orchestra sounded the "Siegfried" and "Dragon" motives, while the air was redolent of heliotrope. I greatly wonder what the potage could have been at that crucial moment. My cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of a gallant appearing young knight dragging after him a huge carcass, half dragon and two-thirds pig (the other three-thirds could not appear on account of temporary indisposition). The orchestra gave up the "Abattoir" motive, and instantly rose odours penetrated the air, the electric shocks stopped, and subtle little kicks were administered to the audience, who by this time were almost swooning with composite pleasure. The scenery had begun to gravely dance to an odd Russian rhythm and the young man intoned monotonously this verse, making the vowel sounds sizzle with his teeth and almost swallowing the consonants:

And as in uffish thought he stood, the Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, came whiffing through the tulgy wood,  
And burred as it came, "One! Two!" as through and through his vorpal blade went snicker snack,  
He left it dead, and with its head, he went galumphing back.

The orchestra played the "Galumphing" motive from the "Ride of the Valkyrs," and the lights and odours were transposed to a shivering purple.

Then carmine steam ascended, the orchestra gasped a gasp in C major (for corno di bas-setto and strings), a smell of cigarettes and coffee arose, and then I knew the great banquet of the senses was over.

I pressed my astral button and flew wearily home, wearily and slowly, for I was full of soup and tone, and my ears and nostrils quivered with exhaustion. When I landed at the Battery it was just five o'clock. It had stopped snowing and an angry sun was getting ready to bathe for the night in the wet of the western horizon. Jersey was etched against the cold, hard sky, and as an old hand-organ struck up "The Only Girl for Me" I threw my cap in the air and joined in (astrally but joyfully) with the group of ragged children who surrounded the venerable organist with shouts, jeers, and dancing. Then I went home.



## REVERIE IN A MINOR FOR THE HARPSICHORD

VANCE THOMPSON



ALLEGRO NON TROPPO.—All round Jena rise the green and vine-clad hills. The Saale, that gentle, silver stream which rustled through the willows, whispering such wonderful songs to Goethe, encircles it like the white arm of a woman. There are little wine-houses scattered among the hills that slope away to the Thuringian woods. Great brown girls pour the wine. Perhaps it is because it was so long ago, because it was part of the time of youth, all white and gold, that he looks back with a nostalgia for the green Saxon woods—the scent of the grain fields and the acrid odour of the little inns in the hill country. And those great, brown, sombre women loom out of memory clothed in a strange fascination. The shining eyes and white shoulders, the violet powder and silks of the women of to-day seem faded and common. The brown girls of Saxony; their skirts of blue linsey-woolsey stuff reached to their knees; their hair, coarse and faded, like horse-hair, was coiled on their necks; they had the big shoulders and the strong, thick legs of porters. Now and again they laughed—not at a joke, but at a kiss—showing their strong, white teeth. They were hill women and slow of thought. Their eyes were heavy and sombre as those of cattle. The look in them was unquestioning. You do not see that look in the eyes of a woman of the world; in her eyes there is always a challenge—an invitation or a refusal.

ALLEGRETTO GRAZIOSO.—It is fourteen miles by the long, low road from Jena to Weimar. Where it winds through the flat country the road is lined on either side with shambling plum trees. They drop turgid fruit in the autumn weather. Long, long ago Heine walked that road, a little pallid Jew, quivering with excitement, for he was on his way to visit Goethe. And as he walked the little Jewish poet rehearsed the things he should say—the clever, wonderful speeches he should make. But when he came into the presence of the great, calm poet he stammered and wept and could only say, "Sire, the plums on the Jena road are ripe." And yet that was worth saying. To-night the shambling trees on the Jena road are whispering together, and over Dornberg the winds whistle. Who walks the Jena road? . . . Schiller's room in Weimar town. He sent away the old caretaker and in the darkness sat down at Schiller's harpsichord and played. Ah, such a weazened, cracked, and melancholy little harpsichord! The worn keys were yellow as the teeth of horses. The hammers snapped as they plucked the tuneless strings. But he played—played very gently, little tinkling sonatas of Scarlatti and faded Italian minuets. Dainty as little blonde girls whom you hold on your knee while you tumble their gold curls—but faded, only sad and faded minuets. Ah, that night he had kinship with ghosts and was not as other men are. Schiller's old writing-desk is still redolent with odours of decayed apples, but the names of the women he loved are forgotten.

ADAGIO NON TROPPO.—The little village of Dorndorf is shabby and mean; it crouches at the foot of a precipitous hill, as a girl might lie whimpering at your door. High overhead is perched the old Castle of Dornberg. No man can climb the face of the cliff, but a footpath winds up round the shoulder of the hill. He took the hill-path; his hound followed. He beat on the doors of the old castle; they were all fast—oak and iron, green rusted. He pushed back a rotting window and entered. His hound lay at the foot of the window and bayed. Dead, all dead; a palace of the dead; and ghosts came from the dusty hangings and led him from room to room; the carpets fell in rotting dust beneath his footfalls. The rats had gnawed the faded furniture—queer, little, faded chairs, all rose and tarnished gold of the time of Louis Quinze. On one chair lay a woman's glove—a green riding-gauntlet; the rats had gnawed away the fingers, but the palm was wrinkled as though a woman's hand had shaped it a hundred years ago. She read Racine—see, the book is open at "Esther." He waited there for her ghost to come back to her boudoir; it may be she came; something he saw; a flash of eyes and powdered hair. He put her glove in his bosom—see, this green gauntlet which the rats have gnawed.

ANDANTE—UN POCO LAMENTOSO.—The tawny hound sprang on him for welcome and they went away. They found another hill-road that led toward Goena—such a small and foolish village in Saxony. They skirted the hamlet and came again into the plain. A girl of thirteen sat on a knoll tending her geese. She was very small and calm and brown, and he sat by her and held her and kissed her, for the ghost of the Castle of Dornberg was at his side and he was afraid. But the yellow-tawny hound bayed at the geese. He kissed the little goose-herd. And the sun went down dusty red among the trees—as in the pictures Monet paints. And he held the little girl close to him and talked, for the fear of ghosts was upon him. Aye, he had fear and was confused, like one who sees strange eyes shine in the night. Other kisses he will forget, but not thine, dear, calm child, not thine! All this was long, long ago, but now that the gray is in his hair and in his heart, he thinks of these things, as one who has been long dead thinks of wine and dances and woman's eyes.

**PAINLESS EXTRACTING  
AND  
FILLING OF TEETH  
WITHOUT GAS!**



**GOLD CROWN  
DENTAL PARLORS.  
63 West 22<sup>nd</sup> Street.**

All operations positively painless.  
GOLD, CROWNS & BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

**TEETH WITHOUT PLATES.  
\$5 PER TOOTH.  
FULL SET OF TEETH, - \$6.**

EXTRACTIONS OF TEETH  
ABSOLUTELY PAINLESS.

*WE DO JUST AS WE ADVERTISE!  
CALL & BE CONVINCED.*  
**GOLD CROWN DENTAL PARLORS.  
63 WEST 22<sup>nd</sup> STREET.**

**AU CHAT NOIR**

21 South Fifth Avenue  
and 551 West Broadway  
Half Block North of Bleeker St. L.  
Fifth Avenue Stages Pass the Door

***FINEST  
TABLE  
D'HOTE***



WITH WINE, 50 CENTS

Lunch, - - 12 to 3 P. M.

Dinner, - - 5 to 9 P. M.

: : OPEN ON SUNDAYS : :

See sign of the Black Cat



A. HESSE, Proprietor









Date, \_\_\_\_\_

**M'LE NEW YORK PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
100 Nassau St., New York.

Gentlemen :

*Please send me M'le New York for one year from date.*

ENCLOSED, \$2.00

M'LE NEW YORK IS A SAMPLE OF THE WORK  
DONE BY FLEMING, SCHILLER & CARNRICK, DE-  
SIGNERS • ENGRAVERS • PRINTERS   LOCATED  
AT 256 WEST TWENTY-THIRD ST., NEW YORK  
TELEPHONE, 8 18th ST.      



# CELEBRATED HATS

AND LADIES' ROUND HATS AND BONNETS AND  
THE DUNLAP SILK UMBRELLA

178-180 Fifth Avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third Sts., New York

181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St., New York

Palmer House, Chicago 914 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

ACCREDITED AGENCIES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

## The Lafayette Place Baths

18 Lafayette Place

FOR GENTLEMEN

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL AND BEST AP-  
POINTED RUSSIAN AND TURKISH BATHS IN  
NEW YORK

Open Day and Night

AN ADMIRABLY MANAGED AND WELL EQUIPPED HOTEL IS  
ESTABLISHED IN CONJUNCTION WITH THESE BATHS